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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904.

☞ The Times-Dispatch takes the full Associated Press Service, the London Times War Service and the Hearst News General News Service and has its own correspondents throughout Virginia and North Carolina and in the leading cities of the country.

The Contest of 1892.

The Philadelphia Press remarks that the Democratic party carried the election in 1892 by a gigantic system of imposture; "that it was populism and free silver in the West and Cleveland and sound money in the East."

There is no warrant of fact for this offensive statement. The Democratic platform of 1892 was as much a sound money platform as was the Republican platform.

The Democratic platform said: "We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discriminating against either metal or charge for mintage, but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts; and we demand that all paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin."

The Republican platform said: "The American people, from tradition and interest, favor bimetallism, and the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal."

In addition to the declaration contained in the Democratic platform on the currency question, Mr. Cleveland, in a public statement, made it quite plain that he was opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and let it be understood in advance that if he should be elected and such a measure should reach him, he would veto it. The fact is that the Democratic party in 1892 made a straightout, courageous fight for sound money and tariff reform, and beat the Republicans out of their boots.

But we have another purpose in drawing the "deadly parallel" on currency planks of the two platforms of 1892. Some folks are saying that there is now no appreciable difference between the Republican party and the Democratic party, because, forsooth, they do not differ on the money question. If so, there was no difference between them in 1892. The fact is, the two parties were together on the silver question until 1896, when the Democrats at Chicago came out for independent free coinage and the Republicans came out for free coinage "by international agreement." The Republicans won, and in 1900 were bold enough to declare unequivocally for the gold standard, but not until then. In the meantime the supply of gold has enormously increased, the gold standard has been established by law, the silver question has been retired by the logic of events, and the Democratic party has abandoned it. But it has not receded from its position on the tariff. The platform of 1904, like the platform of 1892, denounces the Republican tariff as a robbery. Upon that issue we won in 1892, and upon that issue and all that it implies, we shall win in 1904.

Southern Prosperity.

In our news columns on Thursday mention was made of the enormous strawberry shipments handled from North Carolina by the Atlantic Coast Line Railway during the past season. These shipments aggregated 608,569 crates of berries or 2,217 car loads. It is estimated that if the cars containing these berries were united into one train they would string out to a distance of seventeen miles in length.

This little story is significant of crop conditions in the South. A prominent official of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway informs us that crops of all descriptions along the line of that road and throughout the South, wherever he has gone, are the finest he has ever seen, and that the farmers are fairly rolling in wealth. One farmer sold his cantaloupe crop this year for $27,000, and, while there has been a glut of watermelons, farmers generally have made money on that crop. It is said that one company proposes next year to plant in Florida one thousand acres in watermelons.

As to the cotton crop, our informant says that it is about as good as the land can make it, and is now fairly safe from harm, save and alone from an occasional hail storm, but hail storms are always confined within narrow limits. In addition to the cotton crop, the statement was recently made that the corn crop of the South, especially of Texas, is unusually large and fine this year. All this goes to show that the South is at this time the most prosperous section of the Union. The best part of it is that this recognized prosperity will necessarily attract settlers and enormous development in the South may be expected from this time on.

The Right of Secession.

In his eloquent and patriotic address on the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate monument in King William on Thursday last, Mr. A. C. Braxton said that up to 1861, the right of secession had always been an open question. Further on in the report printed in The Times-Dispatch it was stated that "At the conclusion of Mr. Braxton's address, Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, made a stirring speech in which he took issue with Mr. Braxton as to secession being an open question and quoted numerous historians to sustain his contention."

The reader is left to infer what Judge Christian's contention was, but those who know him understand well enough that he argued the right of secession was well established.

This is frankly admitted by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and was to all intents and purpose admitted by the Supreme Court of the United States in the famous Slaughter House cases. When the war broke out there was no such thing as a citizen of the United States. Each and every State was sovereign, each and every State had the right to withdraw from the Union, and the allegiance of each and every citizen of a sovereign State was to his State rather than to the Union. There was no such thing as a citizen of the United States until the adoption of the fourteenth amendment. Each State not only preserved its sovereignty and reserved to itself the right to secede, but reserved also the allegiance of each and every one of its citizens.

Colonial Architecture.

Our Norfolk correspondent says that a prominent architect of New York is in Virginia engaged in making a study of the architecture of the various old colonial mansions throughout the State, and that his observations will have an important bearing upon the style of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's $2,000,000 mansion which is to be erected shortly in New York.

Mr. Rockefeller shows his good sense. It is a surprise to us that that style of architecture has been almost abandoned in Virginia. Of course, it is not adapted to all buildings, but for large country homes, and for city homes where there is ground room, the colonial style with modern improvements is ideal. We wish that there were more such homes in Virginia and in Richmond. We wish that Richmond had clung to the traditions as most of the Southern cities have done and preserved this noble type of architecture instead of imitating the Northern idea. In most respects Richmond is intensely Southern, but not so in appearance.

A Human Barometer.

An infant child at West Chester, Pa., was recently rendered unconscious by an electric bolt which struck near the house, and subsequently turned black over the body. The child recovered, but since then has acted as a sure barometer for an approaching storm. Immediately preceding the approach of a thunder storm the child will turn purple about the mouth, while its face becomes quite dark and remains so until after the storm passes.

What a splendid adjunct that living barometer would make to the Weather Bureau! It may be that other children will be electrified in the same way and made to do duty as weather prophets, to the improvement, doubtless, of the service. It is a startling thought, a "shocking" thought. Who knows but that by and by this question will be contained in the civil service examinations:

"Have you ever been struck by lightning?"

In that event, the term "political lightning" would have a new and more practical significance.

Give Us the Free Bridge.

Richmond is a growing city and all its avenues should be wide open. The people desire to com eto town, they should not be met at the bridge by a toll keeper and required to pay an entrance fee. That is poor sort of hospitality and visitors resent it. If Manchester desires a free bridge and is willing to pay her part of the cost, much more should Richmond desire it, and much more should Richmond be willing to pay her part of the cost, for clearly Richmond will get the lion's share of the benefits.

The present Council will soon retire, and if it is to provide another free bridge for Richmond it must act quickly. We hope there will be no hitch in the proceedings.

We hope that the members will push the measure along to its final adoption. We are satisfied that this bridge will be a good investment for Richmond, and those members of the Council who aid in procuring it will hereafter have cause to be proud of their work.

Among its many organizations the city of Boston has what it calls "The Animal Rescue League," and its report just sent out shows that during the month ending June 30th, 1,521 cats were taken in, 724 of which were kittens, making an average of more than 50 neglected and deserted pussies per day which were rescued by volunteers. In the same period 326 dogs were brought in. To carry on this noble work there was an expenditure for the month of $967.32, and the Boston Transcript, which speaks most approvingly of the work of the association, tells its readers that if more people recognized what an incalculable sum of misery is relieved by this modest rescue work, the current receipts would be greater. That is enough to bring shame to the cheeks of Richmonders who spend their efforts in rescuing stray children and suffer the stray cats and dogs to shift for themselves.

The Greensboro Telegram calls attention to the fact that under all circumstances Judge Parker has a way of showing that he knows a thing or two. The Telegram says: "We do not recall that it has been printed, but the Hon. John S. Cunningham, of Person county, N. C., has been to see Judge Parker at his home at Esopus. It is not related that they talked politics, but Judge Parker, knowing Mr. Cunningham was a great farmer, took him over his plantation. All of which shows Mr. Parker has knowledge of politics."

The North Carolina music teachers and music lovers have formed a trust, and are expected to have rehearsals all over the State. No wonder Carolina's great men seek other States in which to grow and stay great and peacable.

The Bull Mitchell theory, that every man is a protectionist when he is protected, and a free trader when the other fellow is protected, is being ably discussed over in the Fourth District by Messrs. Yarrell and Southall.

Judge Parker has not been notified, but he knows as much about it all as Mr. Roosevelt does, which proves that a telegraph wire is a good thing after all, to say nothing of daily newspapers.

There is a lot of talk about a material reduction in the number of gubernatorial candidates, and it begins to look as if something was really about to be doing along that line.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to be reduced to the last extremity when he appeals to the shades of Lincoln and McKinley, that is to say to morbid sentiment.

Politics is said to make strange bedfellows, and the Fourth District campaign is proving that politics also sometimes makes strange competitors.

Political news from the rural regions of Virginia indicates dullness, but there is nothing dull about the crop news. It is all good.

There is nothing in a name except when you come to name a new bank, and then there may be a great deal in it.

Lynchburg is a good town to find a jury in. The high hills there keep the people out of recah of newspapers.

Wilmington, N. C., will continue to mix its own juleps and high balls and save express charges.

The Republicans are actually going to have a congressional candidate in the Third District.

Chairman Taggart is an Irishman and a fighter from way back. Look out Mr. Cortelyou.

Russia has more dread of her enemies at home than those in Manchuria.

North Carolina Sentiment.

The Greensboro Telegram says:

We are glad to see that the State Executive Committee adopted a primary plan. The primary is troublesome but it is principle, it is right and the more it is resorted to the less troublesome and unsatisfactory it will be.

The Weldon News never loses an opportunity to do a little pardonable boasting. Hear it:

The Norfolk Landmark rises to remark: "A North Carolina girl takes the first degree ever taken by a woman at a famous Germany university. These Tar Heels are running away with everything." Yes, 'tis a way we have of "sticking" fast to everything we undertake.

The Winston-Salem Sentinel says:

Everything would seem to indicate that the campaign this year, both State and national, will be devoid of the bitterness that has sometimes characterized such events in the past. This is well. We have never been able to understand why a political campaign should be considered by some people as an occasion for the heaping of all forms of vituperation and abuse upon the opposing party, and it is refreshing to note that the chances are that there will be little of such this year.

The Raleigh Post says:

The Georgia Legislature has increased the Governor's salary to $5,000 a year. We North Carolina people thought we were doing big business when we got the salary of our Governor up to $4,000.

The Wilmington Star says:

"Judge Parker is a man of few words," says the Atlanta Journal. The few words which he has made use of up to this writing are hastily understood, too.

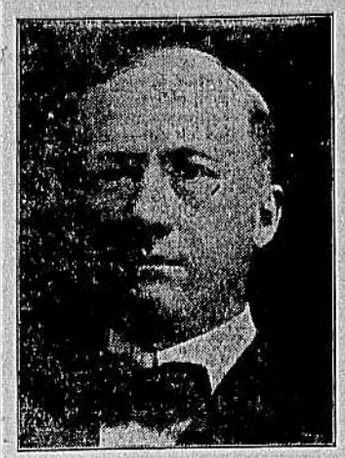
Not as It Should be.

It is all right about that Roosevelt bud teaching a class in Sunday school; he ought to keep it up; but the most interesting member of the family seems to have gotten lost in the shuffle. We are reading too little these days about Miss Alice. She seems to have quit going to expositions and weddings and hasn't been mobbed for a month by women eager to see what sort of clothes she wears.—Charlotte Observer.

MAKERS OF RICHMOND

Brief Sketches of Men Who Have Helped to Make the City.

Sketch No. 31—Series Began June 26, 1904.



H. M. Smith, Jr., formerly Commonwealth's Attorney of Richmond, and one of the best known criminal lawyers in the city, was born in Richmond, July 19, 1859. He is the youngest son of the late Hiram M. Smith, who settled in Richmond in 1828, and was the founder of the house of H. M. Smith & Co., one of the pioneer manufacturing concerns in Virginia. For many years both before and after the war, the firm name was a household word on every farm in Virginia and North Carolina, and their tobacco machinery was in demand as far as Australia and New Zealand. Apprenticeship in their shops ws eagerly sought, and many of the best mechanics in Richmond to-day were trained under the eye of Mr. Smith's father, who was a mechanic and inventor of high order.

Mr. Smith was educated at the V. P. I. (Blacksburg), and at the University of Virginia, of both of which institutions he is a graduate, being a bachelor of law of the latter. He is the V. P. I. member of the Executive Committee of the Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Association and president of the local Alumni Association. He has practiced his profession in this city since leaving college. His first partner was his friend and college mate, Sylvanus Stokes. Some time after Mr. Stokes's retirement from the bar, Mr. Smith formed a partnership with the late James C. Lamb, which was dissolved by Mr. Lamb's election to the judgeship of the Chancery Court of Richmond. He is now the senior member of the well known firm of Smith, Moncure and Gordon.

Mr. Smith showed an early predilection for politics. His earliest services to the Democratic party were at a critical period of its history, and when the very supremacy of the white people were at stake. The value of these and subsequent services has been fully recognized. Mr. Smith has served on the Democratic State Central Committee, and as a member of the State Executive Committee. In 1900 Mr. Smith was elected Commonwealth's Attorney of Richmond, and in 1904 was re-elected. During his term of office he represented the Commonwealth in many cases of importance and great public interest. Since his retirement from that office he has been counsel for the defense in most of the important criminal cases in this section of the State, besides enjoying an extensive practice in civil matters.

In 1883, Mr. Smith married Miss Lucy Gordon, daughter of James Gordon, and granddaughter of John N. Gordon, one of the ante-bellum wholesale merchants of Richmond. They have three children, and their oldest boy, Hiram, who has attended Richmond College for several years, enters the University of Virginia next session.

Mr. Smith is a Mason, an Elk and a Shriner, a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity and of the Massachusetts Society of Cincinnati. He was one of the founders of the Virginia Boat Club, and is a life member of the same. His favorite diversion is hunting and fishing, and he is a member of the Cohoke Club, King William county, where he frequently goes for rest from professional labor.

FROM BOX OFFICE TO STAGE DOOR.

Inner Life of the Theatre Unveiled—Tribulations of the Box Office Man—The Terra Incognito Behind the Curtain. Achievements of the Stage Manager—Stage Alley on Closing Night.

By Lyman B. Glover,

(Dramatic Critic; for two years General Manager for Richard Mansfield.)

Note.—The series by Professor William L. Tomlins will be resumed next week.

TO THE audience in general the theatre, excepting its lobby and auditorium, is a closed book. Aside from the box-office man, the doorkepeer and the more or less gentlemanly ushers, the public does not come into contact with the theatre staff. The manager is known to but few other than his personal friends. He does not aim to be too accessible, and finds it best to keep himself behind the glass doors of the private office. Every excursion to the front of the house subjects him to numerous insidious attacks from all sorts and conditions of people who want something—anything, from positions to passes.

* * *

On opening nights he may usually be found near the door, faultlessly arrayed and theoretically, if not absolutely, welcoming the coming guests. Comparatively few recognize him, but he is prepared for all emergencies, and stands ready, at the proper moment, to receive congratulations if the verdict is favorable. Occasionally missing from his post, it may be safely assumed that he has been summoned by his star for consultation, reproof or some of the many kinds of unpleasant ministrations of which the stellar mind is capable in its working hours.

But the first acquaintance of the theatre patron is with the treasurer who handles tickets in the box office and must add to the patience of Job the wisdom of a serpent, to say nothing of an amount of diplomacy that would suffice for an entire corps of ambassadors. His tribulations begin with the opening of the office in the morning and continue until the window closes at night. A biting letter to the manager from some patron who complains of incivility at the box office is his first greeting. The complainant is recalled as a somewhat strenuous and irascible gentleman who demanded certain seats that had been sold days before, and in his anger at being refused declared that all box office men were fabricators and allies of the scalper who tolls not neither does he spin. This accusation, however, does not astonish the seasoned box office man. Having heard it so often he might almost believe the tale but for the impoverished condition of his pocketbook, which suggests anything else than a scalper's profit.

With this beginning of trials the concert of afflictions continues with scarcely an interruption during the day. The woman who brings a friend along with her to shop for tickets as she might for stockings and keeps the line waiting while she discusses the eligibility of various seats is his special joy. When she turns away after consuming ten minutes, saying that she will decide some other time, there is nothing left for the miserable treasurer but a moment's communion with himself in the shadow of the ticket rack. Perhaps it is no great wonder that for a time his answers are short and sharp, and if those who had intended to invest $1 find themselves going away with $2 seats or a box, they may guess that the eloquent ticket seller is trying to get even.

* * *

Small wonder that the dear public is occasionally annoyed by curt answers at the box office. Small wonder that the treasurer's elastic and professional good nature is sometimes tried beyond the point of endurance. The demand for end seats in the fourth row iterated and reiterated the livelong day well-nigh induces temporary insanity. The woman who brings last night's tickets with a painfully elaborated story of how the wrong pasteboards had been given her and a demand for the return of her money piles Ossa upon his Lelion of trouble, although the applicant is promptly turned down, while the gent who has lost his tickets and wishes to be admitted on honor is another wavelet on this sea of trouble.

In like category must be placed the many who have developed cases of sickness in the family after purchasing tickets, and consequently wish to get their money back. The amount of sickness discovered in this way, particularly when a new play is damned by faint praise from the chorus of critics, is simply appalling, and it is not strange at all that the feelings of the ticket seller are moved to an extent that he can scarcely express in ordinary language or deny the necessity of "fumigating" next door now and then to obviate danger of infection. The number of baldheaded men who are hard of hearing only when a burlesque show is on and lie like gentlemen to get front seats is another source of wonder and amazement to the genius of the box office, who at least reaps no small compensation in the study of human nature, which is spread before him like an open book. If, indeed, the noblest study of mankind is man, his opportunities for the noble study are quite unequaled. Yet for that matter the entire business of the theatre is in one sense a liberal education. Between the eccentricities and affectations of many actors and the peculiarities of patrons who seem to lose some portion of their good manners when they come into touch with theatrical managements, it must be a dull fellow who does not find his wits sharpened and his knowledge of human nature perfected.

* * *

But lingering so long at the box office we shall never find our way to those mysteries that lie behind the footlights. The cerberus at the door is too limited in his functions to command any special attention on this casual tour of investigation. Time was when a friendly nod and a bad cigar cast at this functionary might have secured admission to many undeserving chums. But times and customs have changed in the box-office and elsewhere in the theatre. Business methods replace the old go-as-you-please customs, and there are checks on all employes as carefully devised as those made use of in banks and other financial institutions. No longer does the festive and flashy advance agents rush through the country leaving behind a trail of ignorance and rope cigars, but quiet, gentlemanly and often learned men go about the work of exploitation in that self-respecting manner that compels respect. The old days of vulgar bohemia have disappeared, and the business of amusing people, once recognized as the function of rogues and vagabonds, has fallen on better times, with only now and then a boor on horseback to remind the profession that it must not become too proud.

* * *

Behind the curtain is a veritable terra incognito to the average theatre-goer. It is known as "the back of the house" in contradistinction to "the front of the house," which includes all the territory between the main entrance and the footlights. Very few who are not "in the business" ever find their way to this strange depository of illusioning paraphernalia. Occasionally some of the favored few are invited back to meet the great man between the acts, a favor so impressive that it cannot be overestimated by the fortunate exceptions to the rule, who, by the way, are still more fortunate if they escape bodily harm from the moving scenery and rapidly descending drops.

This vast space, with its intricate machinery and carloads of scenery, furniture and properties, is the domain of the stage manager through whom all orders from the management are transmitted, and who is regarded by his more or less loyal subjects as something of a czar whose favor is to be courted and anger feared.

Within the sway of men entirely great or reasonably so, since all terms are relative, this domain of the stage is handled with quiet and almost noiseless precision. But the small martinets, the bantams puffed by a little brief authority, the ignorant men who try to cover their lack of knowledge by an infinite amount of bluster, contrive to make of the stage an uncomfortable locality for self-respecting actors who keep up a heap of thinking, even though discretion impresses silence upon their lips.

* * *

The working staff of the stage manager, always large, is varied by the necessities of the occasion. His ideal of a dramatic heaven is a cast of ten people, and at most not more than two changes of scenery, which combination assures a comparatively serene season after everything is settled into the foreordained rut. But in these days of big companies and large productions, when quantity rather than quality seems to be the ruling motto, this dream is seldom realized. On the contrary, the stage manager often finds himself confronted by a bewildering array of scenery that crowds every corner of the stage and hangs from the gridiron a puzzling network of borders, drops, flats and set pieces.

The property room and the depths below the stage are crowded with the necessary impediments. Huge wardrobe boxes elbow each other in the dim recesses below stairs. Trunks and property chests are piled high on every side, and between the packs of scenery located conveniently for use the property man has cached the numerous bulky articles which cannot find refuge in the property room.

To bring order out of all this apparent confusion requires not only knowledge of something more than the ropes, but a small army of workmen. Delays are always dangerous, particularly if they occur between the acts. The men in the audience who can find refuge in the smoking room do not count the moments anxiously, and there are others in every audience who can solace themselves with the joys of conversation. But there are always some who sit with grim determination to protest every entre-act and object to every minute that is spent in setting the stage. The critics, with painful visions of arduous labor after the last curtain falls, begrudge every slight delay in changing the scenery, and sometimes temper praise with damaging blame when unusually heavy stage sets require more time than they approve. Thus the stage manager is, in a sense, between the devil and the deep sea. In order to hasten the work in his domain he is obliged either to engage a very large extra force and be grilled by the great man for the expense he has occasioned, or wink at the delays and be roasted by the same great man for "holding the curtain." As he usually chooses the former alternative, it follows that the stage is abundantly supplied with men who bring the order of a new scene out of the confusion of the one just dismantled as if by magic.

Four sets of workmen conspire to achieve this result. The stage carpenter and his assistants, called "grips," handle the scenery; the property man, or "props," as he is designated in the hurry of battle, hustle the furniture, bric-a-brac and decorative or essential articles used in the scenes. The fly men, hidden behind a wilderness of ropes or "lines," high up in the fly gallery, lower and raise the hanging stuff, and the electrician, or gas man, orders his assistants about in the hurried operation of placing the box and spot lights where they will do good by industriously throwing their most blinding and enthusiastic rays upon the great man, no matter how eccentric his orbit around the stage may be. The gas man, who cannot always hit the star with one of his lenses, is sure of a consignment to a locality reputed to be considerably warmer than heaven. The passion for being in the lime light is indeed no myth, as many an electrician knows to his sorrow.

These four sets of men work harmoniously, but perish the thought that one would lend a helping hand to the craft that is not his own. The stage manager might rave and imagine vain things, but the grips would lend no aid to props nor props to the electrician. A threatening disaster might induce some slight modification of this unyielding union etiquette, but nothing else would force one company in this little regiment to help another fight its battles. These unseen workers back of the curtain vary in number with the character of the attraction. For the large production of the Irving, Mansfield or Sothern type, and for the gorgeous burlesque, it may safely be assumed that there are from fifty to sixty hands employed in handling the mechanical end of the performance. They are neither picturesque nor ornamental in their soiled jumpers and caps that have seen better days. But the ease and celerity with which a skilled stage crew will erect great forests, splendid mansions or beautiful interiors within the narrow limits of the stage is a wonder to all beholders. When complicated changes occur on a dark stage they seem to work by instinct, with scarcely ever a hitch of any kind to dispel the illusion of magic.

* * *

But this is nott he only achievement of the man behind the scenes and his men. In traveling from city to city he finds scarcely two stages anywhere of the same dimensions. His scenery is made of ample dimensions for the average stage, but not for the exceptionally large or the unusually small accommodations frequently met with. How to broaden out the scenery for the big places and contract it for the small ones is a problem not so easy of solution. The architectural features of the scenery must be preserved, all the joints remaining perfect, and neither the perspective nor line of sight can be tampered with. In one case the back drop representing many miles of distance by land or sea may be hung far enough from the footlights to secure proper lighting and thus create the illusion desired. In the next city a depth of thirty feet is all that can be afforded to represent miles of smiling beauty, and the back drop hangs so near the footlights that the gas man must exercise all of his talents and the best of his color mediums in order to prevent a reductio ad absurdam. With room enough and to spare in one theatre to exhibit and light the scenery in the best possible manner, the next stopping place will prove so scant in space that everything must be condensed and all ornamental accessories cut out. Yet the carpenter and his assistants are always equal to every emergency, and if there is an occasional fake in their achievements the dear public is well served and no one outside the pale is the wiser in regard to tribulations that may have given the stage manager and his cohorts many anxious moments.

* * *

There is another incident back of the footlights which the audience never sees. It is on the last night of an engagement, when the company is, in circus phrase, to "pull up stakes" and move on to another city. If the prospective trip is a long one, every effort must be made to place the belongings on the special train at the earliest moment, in order that a timely start may be possible.

Scarcely is the first act well under way ere huge trucks, some of them exceptionally long, draw up among the shadows of the dark alley upon which the stage door opens. It is always a dark alley—indeed, none other would be deemed authentic—and the teamsters sometimes take on queer hobgoblin shapes as they loiter about, waiting, as it were, for their cue.

No sooner does the curtain fall on the first act than, hocus-pokus, presto, change, there is a hurrying to and fro, and a certain subdued pandemonium breaks loose in the erstwhile quiescent alley. The big doors open and out comes the disjecta membra of the scene upon which the curtain has just fallen. One piece after another is hustled out upon the waiting trucks, while "props" and his helpers race back and forth, carrying out the furniture and belongings that are no longer needed in the play. Moved by scores of helpers, the scene is soon out and on its way to the station, while the tireless carpenters hasten to set the next scene, and the curtain is up again on time.

At the end of this act another scene is hurried out upon the waiting trucks, and thus, when the play ends, the stage has been denuded of all but the last set and such hanging pieces as could not be abstracted during the evening. One by one, the tired actors, traveling bag in hand, move out through the tangle of trucks; the star, escorted by his retinue, finds his carriage, and the stage door slams a farewell.

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JULY 30TH IN WORLD'S HISTORY

578.

Benedict I. (Bonosus), Pope, died.

911.

Abu Abdillah assassinated; the principal actor in the revolution which established the dynasty of the Fatimites in Africa and Egypt.

1095.

Ladislaus I., King of Hungary, died.

1388.

Battle of Otterbourne on Thursday, "bout the Lammas tide," between sunrise and sunset. The youthful combatants were nearly at the same age. Douglas was slain and the English Hotspur and his brother taken prisoners.

1540.

Thomas Abel, a chaplain at the court of Henry VIII., executed. He incurred the resentment of the King by his attachment to the cause of the Queen, Catharine. He was hanged, and then drawn and quartered.

1588.

William Stuart killed in Edinburgh by Earl Bothwell.

1673.

New York taken by the Dutch.

1711.

The British and colonial fleet, consisting of twelve men of war, forty transports and six store ships, with forty horses, a fine train of artillery and all manner of warlike stores, sailed from Boston for the conquest of Canada.

1718.

William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, died aged seventy-four. At the age of twenty-four he became a preacher among the Quakers, but by the grant of Pennsylvania he was placed in the position of a legislator and well did he sustain it.

1746.

Eight of those concerned in the Pretender's rebellion, hung, beheaded and disemboweled near London.

1750.

John Sebastian Bach, celebrated for his skill as an organist and composer, died.

1762.

Moro fort, at the entrance of the harbor of Havana, stormed by the English under Admiral Pococke; 400 Spaniards were either cut in pieces or perished in attempting to escape by water to the city; the rest threw down their arms and received quarter.

1777.

General Burgoyne reached Fort Edward on the Hudson River.

1846.

Congress passed a new tariff, reducing the duties on imported goods. This is known as the tariff of 1846.

1864.

The great mine under the fort before Petersburg exploded, blowing up the fort, with the regiment which garrisoned it, but from bad management, it proved a disastrous affair. Union loss 4,000; Confederates only 1,050.

1864.

General McCausland entered Chambersburg, Pa., and burned it.

1864.

General Stoneman's troops attacked by a great force at Macon, Ga., and after some hours' fighting, surrendered. During this month Petersburg, Va., was bombarded nearly every day.

1866.

Great riot at New Orleans on the reassembling of the State Convention. Many negroes and whites were killed.

1898.

Prince Bismarck, chancellor of the German empire, died.

1903.

The first joint meeting of the Army and Navy General Board held at Washington.

Personal and General.

Rev. George Freeman, vice-president of the British Phrenological Society, is lecturing in this country.

Mrs. W. H. Beauchamp has been appointed county treasurer for Montague county, Texas, to succeed her husband, who died recently.

James G. Blaine, 3d, is about to carry out his long wish to try farming. His mother has secured a small farm for him at Block Island, R. I.

Mr. Caesar Decock, the oldest Belgian painter, is dead. He was born in 1823. With him passes one of the greatest landscape artists of this century.

Isaac Perry Decker is the sole Salt Lake survivor of the band of 147 men, women and children who crossed the plains to Utah with Brigham Young in 1847. He was the guest of honor at the pioneer celebration on July 25th.

M. Lebaudy, the "Emperor of the Sahara," has bought a beautiful residence in Brussels. It is to be his royal palace and he proposes to establish a court on a magnificent scale.